

DELL

MAY-JULY

10¢

Sergeant PRESTON OF THE YUKON

He tracked his man on a
Trail to the Unknown!



Dell is proud to present one of its many awards . . .

DISTINGUISHED ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

PRESENTED TO

MR. GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR.

PRESIDENT OF THE DELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS EFFORTS IN ESTABLISHING
AND MAINTAINING THE DELL COMIC AS THE
MOST CLEAN AND WHOLESOME JUVENILE
ENTERTAINMENT, AND FOR ALSE IN THAT
SO HE HAS SET AN EXAMPLE FOR THE ENTIRE
COMICS PUBLISHING INDUSTRY TO FOLLOW

BY

**NEWSDEALERS POST NUMBER 1169
AMERICAN LEGION**

NOVEMBER 14, 1954



A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome juvenile entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun and happy adventures. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and our constant goal.

Sergeant PRESTON

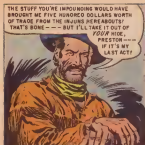
and THE BURNING FOREST



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







IN FATHER DUVAL'S SIMPLE LIVING QUARTERS, A HEARTY SUPPER IS SERVED...

MURTRY IS THE MOST DANGEROUS RENEGADE THAT THE YUKON HAS SEEN IN SOME TIME --- AT LEAST IN MY HUMBLE OPINION, SERGEANT!

IN MINE, TOO, FATHER? I SEARCHED HIM CAREFULLY FOR A HIDDEN WEAPON.



IN THAT CASE, I THINK WE CAN SLEEP WITHOUT WORRY TONIGHT!

YES! I'LL TAKE MURTRY ALONG IN THE MORNING.



BUT, AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF THE DAWN SUMMER DAWN FILTERS IN ---

EEEEYUH! YUH!

MMMMFF? KING? WHUH?



SERGEANT! WHAT ---?

SOMETHING'S WRONG, FATHER! KING WAKED ME!

EEEEYUH! YUH!



UFFFF! YUH!

WHAT IS KING TRYING TO TELL US, PRESTON? THAT YOUR PRISONER HAS ESCAPED?

WE'LL LOOK IN THE STOREROOM.



GONE!

THE STANCHION IS SAVED IN TWO!









AS HE ENTERS THE WATER, A FLAMING EMBER,
FERCILELY WIND-BORNE, STRIKES HIM ON THE BACK.



FALLING, HE STRIKES HIS HEAD ON A ROCK.





Sergeant PRESTON

PASSAGE FOR PARAMINT

YARPY

YES, KIMS----OLD PARAMINT
PRINCLE IS HOME! THERE'S
SMOKE FROM HIS CABIN!



HELLO, PARAMINT! GLAD YOU GOT
THROUGH THE WINTER SO WELL!



SERGEANT PRESTON
MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE
YOU! COME IN AND BRUSH
THE DOOR QUICK!

TIP, I'M PRETTY
WELL, SERGEANT--
BUT THE COLD
SETS INTO MY
BONES, MORE
AND MORE...

THESE LITTLE WAGON
MODELS ARE CLEVER,
OLD-TIMER! THEY HELP
TO PASS THE TIME, I
SUPPOSE...



UH-HURR! BUT I'M HOPING THEY'LL DO MORE THAN
THAT! IF I CAN SELL ENOUGH OF 'EM IN DAWSON,
Mebbe THEY'LL PAY MY PASSAGE BACK TO THE
STATES, COME SPRING!



TRUBLE IS---I'LL
HAVE TO SELL SOME
OF 'EM TO BUY BRUL,
SETHERRON AND
THEN---

HHMM! YOUR SHELVES
ARE PRETTY WELL CLEAN-
ED OUT! HARDLY ENOUGH
FOOD FOR TWO MEALS
THERE!



OLD-TIMER, I KNOW A BETTER WAY TO EARN YOUR DUES---AND WARM QUARTERS, TOO! MATT WILSON, THE STOREKEEPER, NEEDS SOMEBODY TO KEEP FIRE AT NIGHT AND DO LIGHT CHORES---FOR HIS SOAPS AND ROOM! HOW ABOUT IT?

THAT SO?
I'LL ASK
"MISERY"!



IT'S SETTLED, THEN! I'LL BE AROUND SOMETIME TOMORROW TO BRING YOU TO GAWSON---I HOPE! RIGHT NOW, I'M TRYING TO CUT THE TRAIL OF TWO MEN WHO BROKE PRISON, FARTHER NORTH.



ON, KINE! SET ON,
YOU HUSKIES!

TAP!

TIP!
TIP!



MISERY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE LIVING IN A WARM STORE, WHERE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE FIREWOOD GIVING OUT?

OFF!
EEEE!



THOSE TWO CROOKS
---THEY HEADED
THIS WAY, SERGEANT!

PROBABLY! KEEP AN EYE
OUT FOR THEM, MAN! I'M
SWIMMING NORTH TO
WARM BLANCHARD, THE
TRAPPER!



THAT EVENING

HEAR THAT NIGHT WIND
HOWL, MISERY? IT'S
GOING TO BE COLDER,
SO! I'M SURE GLAD
WE'RE GETTING OUT OF
HERE TOMORROW!













THOSE MEN WERE THE TWO WHO
BROKE OUT OF PRISON, UP NORTH.
I LOST THEIR TRAIL TODAY---
CAME BACK HERE TONIGHT, ON
A CHANCE

LUCKY FOR US
THAT YOU DID,
PHISTON! WE'D
HAVE FROZEN
BEFORE MORN-
ING!



I'M STARTING
AFTER THEM!
WHAT DID THEY
STEAL FROM YOU,
BLANCHARD?

MY DOG TEAM---AND FIFTY
DOLLARS IN CASH---AND A
HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL I HAD
HIDDEN IN A WITTEN CLOTHES
AND GRUB, TOO... ONE OF 'EM
DRESSED UP IN MY WIFE'S
PARFA!



THEY MAY HAVE STOPPED AT OLD
PARAMINT'S SHACK, TOO! COULD
ON, KING!



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

THERE'S A LIGHT IN PARAMINT'S
WINDOW! I WONDER---



PARADIFF---PHUPH!
THERE'S NOBODY HERE,
KING!



---NOBODY HERE, AND THIS GAMOLE NEARLY
BURNED OUT---AND NO FIRE IN THE STOVE!
THAT MEANS---PARAMINT WENT OUT EXPECT-
ING TO BE RIGHT BACK--
OR ELSE HE WAS FORCED
TO GO---THREE HOURS
BACK.





LATE THE NEXT DAY, IN A HOSPITAL BED IN DAWSON,
OLD PARANITY GREARS ...



HOME BACK
HOME IN
TEXAS---
AT LAST!
AND WARM
AGAIN!

HOW IS HE DOING,
DOCTOR? ANY BAD
PROSTATE?



NOTHING SERIOUS,
CONSTABLE! A
LITTLE LONGER
EXPOSURE WOULD
HAVE KILLED HIM,
THOUGH!

SERGEANT PRESTON?
WHEE! DID YOU BET
THAT BEAUTIFUL
BLACK EYE?



I ARRESTED THE
PAIR WHO BROKE
JAIL AND ROBBED
BLANCHARD ---
THEY WANTED TO
PLAY ROUGH.

SERGEANT PRESTON!
S-SHUT---WHERE
AM I? I DREAMED
I WAS BACK IN
TEXAS.



AND SO YOU WILL BE,
BEFORE LONG, PAR A
MINT! YOU'LL BE ON
THE FIRST BOAT
SOUTH, AFTER SPRING BREAK-
UP.

BUT---HOW'M
I GOING TO PAY MY
PASSAGE? THAT
HUNDRED DOLLAR
BILL BELONGS TO
BLANCHARD.



YES---I RETURNED IT TO
HIM! BUT IT WAS YOUR COB,
"MISERY", WHO HELPED KID
AND ME TRACK DOWN THOSE
TWO CROOKS! AND THE
BANK HERE IN DAWSON
WANTED TO SHOW ITS
APPRECIATION FOR
THEIR RECAPTURE.

--- SO HERE IS YOUR PASSAGE MONEY, PARANITY---
AND SOME MORE RESIDES! YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE
ENOUGH TO BUY A LITTLE PLACE OF YOUR OWN
WHEN YOU REACH TEXAS!



WHY---WHY---
THANKS! --TEXAS!
IT'S ALMOST TOO
GOOD TO BE
TRUE!

BUT IT IS TRUE!
AND THIS CASE
IS CLOSED!

Sergeant PRESTON

and **TRAIL TO THE LADDER**

**HOT-TEMPERED,
HONEST-HEARTED
JIM BRANNAN ENTERS
A TUMBLE-DOWN CABIN
AT THE EDGE OF
PIONEER CANYON**

SIM WALLECK, WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY SENDING ME THAT NOTE
--- SAYING I CHEATED YOU ON
THE GRUB YOU BOUGHT AT MY
STORE ?

WHY --- I
MEANT JUST
THAT, JIM
BRANNAN!

YOU LITTLE GOYOTE!
YOU DIDN'T EVEN PAY ME
FOR THE STUFF! YOU
BOT IT ON CREDIT ---

YOU'RE A LIAR,
BRANNAN! I PAID
YOU ---

NO, SIM! DON'T --

THO!

NO MAN CALLS JIM BRANNAN A THIEF AND A LIAR!
GET UP AND APOLOGIZE, YOU LITTLE ---

LOOK --- NOW HE'S LYING
THERE --- TWISTED!

HE'S DEAD, BRANNAN! DEAD AS
A STONE! YOU BROKE HIS
NECK!

WALLY?
I HAD NO!
I CAN'T BE!
I ONLY --- ONLY MEANT ---



COME HERE AND LOOK
FOR YOURSELF, BRARRAN!
HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

I NEVER
HEART TO---
TO---



LOOK! I KNOW YOU DON'T
WANT TO KILL HIM! CLEAR
OUT---ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS,
BRARRAN! I'LL COVER UP
FOR YOU---FOR TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS!...

YOU--WILL? I
NEVER THOUGHT
MUCH OF YOU,---
BUT IF YOU'LL DO
THAT, YOU'RE A
FRIEND IN NEED!



I SURE HOPE IT'S
THE LAST! IF HE'D
HIT A LITTLE HARDER
HE ~~WOULD~~ HAVE
BROKEN MY NECK...

AT LEAST LIVING IS WORTH A
PUNCH ON THE JAW, ISN'T IT?
MRS BRARRAN WILL PAY
PLENTY TO KEEP ME FROM
TELLING WHERE HER
HUSBAND IS HIDING
OUT---



BOO BREEFF! I'VE KILLED A MAN! WHAT---
WHATEVER CAN I DO?

YOU'VE GOT ONE OF
TWO THIRDS TO DO,
BRARRAN--- GIVE
YOURSELF UP TO THE
MOUNTIES---OR
RUN FOR IT!



HE'S BORN---
OUT OF MEANING,
MERT!

YEP! STAGGERING DOWN THE
TRAIL LIKE HE WAS THE
ONE WHO GOT HIT! HEY! HEY!
LAST WE'LL SEE
OF HIM!



ONLY YOU DON'T
FEEL WHERE
THAT IS!

SHE WON'T KNOW THAT
I DON'T KNOW! BUT YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP CLEAN OF
DARSON, FROM NOW ON, SIR!
BETTER LEAVE, AS SOON
AS IT'S DARK!



I'M NOT LEAVING, HEY!!
I'M STAYING HERE, RIGHT
CLOSE TO DAWSON, TO MAKE
SURE I GET MY NAME FROM
MRS JIM BHANNAN! I DON'T
TRUST YOU ANY FARTHER
THAN I CAN SEE YOU!

SIM, YOU ALWAYS
WERE A THICK-
HEADED FOOL!
ONCE YOU'RE SEEN,
THE NAME IS UP!



TWO DAYS LATER...

GOOD MORNING! CAN
I HELP YOU---?

I'D LIKE A WORD WITH
YOU, MRS. BHANNAN---
IN PRIVATE---ABOUT
YOUR HUSBAND...



IN HERE---PLEASE?
YOU---HAVE
NEWS---

I KNOW WHERE
YOUR HUSBAND IS!



YOU---KNOW
WHERE HE IS
---NOW?

YES! BUT I'M PRETTY
CLOSEMOUTHED, MRS.
BHANNAN! *ESPECIALLY* WHEN
I'VE GOT MONEY IN MY WALLET!
FUNNY THING---NOW A WALLET
WILL GET EMPTY, NOW AND THEN



WELL---I'LL BE SEEING YOU, MRS. BHANNAN---
BEFORE TOO LONG! MEANTIME, HERE'S WISHING
YOU---AND YOUR HUSBAND---GOOD LUCK!

YOU---GOOD-BYE,
MR. GARDIFF!



MINUTES LATER...

HELLO, MRS.
BHANNAN! IS JIM
AROUND?

OHYES---
SERVANT PROUD!
AND YES!







LEAVING NERT CAROFF IN JAIL, PRESTON RETURNS TO THE STORE...



MRS. BRANNAN, I'VE JUST EXAMINED THE BODY OF SIM WALLECK! HE WAS KILLED---WITH A KNIFE---SOMETIME YESTERDAY! DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU---?



THANK HEAVEN! NOW I KNOW JIM IS INNOCENT! HE CAME HOME, DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, PALE AS A SHEET, SAYING HE'D KILLED SIM WALLECK WITH HIS *YAW*--- WITHOUT MEANING TO! THEN HE PACKED UP A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF SUPPLIES, AND---



YOU'D BETTER HELP ME MAKE UP A PAGE--- TO FOLLOW HIM--- NOW! JIM BRANNAN WON'T COME BACK UNTIL HE KNOWS THE TRUTH!



GOOD MORNING, OR, MURRAY!

'MORNING, MRS. BRANNAN! SERGEANT, I'VE EXAMINED WALLECK'S BODY, AS YOU REQUESTED. HE'S BEEN DEAD LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!



THANK YOU, DOCTOR! THAT SUPPORTS THE FACT THAT SIM WALLECK AND CAROFF "FARMED" JIM BRANNAN FOR WALLECK'S SUPPOSED KILLING! I'M OFF NOW TO FIND JIM!

BUT---NOW CAN YOU TRACE HIM, SERGEANT?





I HAVE AN IDEA, KING, THAT
JIM BRANNAN INTENDS TO
LOSE HIMSELF---IN THE
BIG, UNEXPLORED PEELATER
BASIN, BEYOND THESE MOUN-
TAINS! IF HE SETS TOO FAR
AHEAD, HE CAN DO JUST THAT!



THAT NIGHT, PRESTON AND KING SLEEP IN A FIRE-
WARMED CORNER, OUT OF THE WIND

TWO WEEKS LATER---ON THE MOUNTAINS'
NORTHERN SLOPES---

A MOOSE CALF! IT'S
JUNE NOW---AND
WINTER'S OVER!

AAA---
OFF!



WE COULD MISS BRANNAN'S
TRAIL FOREVER IN THIS BIG
COUNTRY, KING!



I'LL FOLLOW THIS RIVER DOWNSTREAM!
IF WE DON'T PICK UP JIM'S TRAIL
SOON, IT'S NO USE... SAY! THOSE
RAVENS---



CA-ROAR!

KAHHHH!
SPFFFF

YARR!
GARRR!





THE NEXT MORNING PRESTON IS AT WORK ---
CHOPPING DOWN SMALL TREES WITH HIS HATCHET
---BINDING THE LOGS WITH STRIPS OF CANOEY
HIDE?



AT MIDDAY THEY SHOVE OFF ---







IT'S JIM---ACROSS THE CREEK--
WASHING SHAVEL FOR GOLD, IN A
PAN! HIS RIFLE'S JUST BEHIND
HIM, AND HE'LL BE JUMPY!



KIND? GET ACROSS THE CREEK,
AND STALK HIM FROM BEHIND!
STALK---YOU UNDERSTAND?
THEN TAKE HIS RIFLE!

HAH, HAH, HAH! EEEE YUH!

UNSEEN BY BRANNAN, KING JUMPS
THE CREEK---HUSHES UP...



...AND CREEPS TOWARD THE RIFLE, AS SOUNDLESS AS A
SNAKE!



HELLO, JIM? ARE YOU FINDING
ANY "GOLD"?

HUH?
WHO?



HEY!
MY RIFLE---

YOU WON'T NEED IT!
SERREANT PNESTON
SPEAKING, JIM? I'VE
BROUGHT NEWS---



IT'S A TRICK! NOT EVEN FOW, PRESTON---
CAN TAKE ME BACK---BREAK JULIA'S
HEART---

I'M NOT ARREST-
ING YOU, JIM! PUT
UP THAT PISTOL!
YOU KNOW I DON'T
RESORT TO
TRICKS!



I--- I KNOW, PRESTON!
ALL RIGHT, I BELIEVE
YOU!----



YOU'RE INNOCENT, JIM! WALLECK'S SUPPOSED
DEATH WAS A FRAME-UP --- SO THAT HE AND
CAROFF COULD BLACKMAIL JULIA! CAROFF
DID TRY THAT--- AFTER HE'D MURDERED
WALLECK WITH A KNIFE!

AND YOU---
FOW CAME ALL
THIS WAY---
TO FIRE ME--?



A MOUNTIE'S JOB IS TO SAVE THE INNOCENT
AS MUCH AS TO CATCH THE GUILTY! BY THE WAY,
JIM--- THIS BRAVEL IN YOUR FUR IS FISH!
BUGGETS AND GUST? IF YOU'D TAKE MORE TIME
TO FAR THE STUFF---



NO! ALL THE GOLD IN THE YUKON ISN'T WORTH
AN EXTRA HOUR OF ANXIETY FOR MY JULIA!
I'M STARTING HOME --- NOW!

THEN, THIS
CASE IS CLOSED.



A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome juvenile entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun "well chosen" and "well chosen" is not only credit and content good.